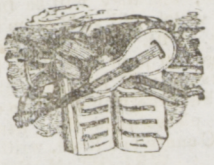


THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
AT LEBANON, KY.,
BY W. W. JACK.

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished
subscribers at the following rates:
One year, in advance, \$2 00
If paid within six months, 2 50
At the end of the year, 3 00

Port's Corner.



O! Would that I'd been Born a Boy.

BY BELLE THORNE.

Oh! would that I'd been born a boy,
How happy I would be;
I'd be the envy of the men,
The girls should worship me.
I'd wear a very graceful hat,
Not a stove pipe affair;
And from beneath its trim brown hair
Rich waves of dark brown hair.
I wouldn't be a fop, you know,
For fops I do despise;
But dress with style and taste enough
To please the ladies' eyes.
When'er I felt in "melting mood,"
To Laura Keane I'd go;
For oh! blest thought of Liberty,
I shouldn't need a beau.
I'd have a night key—that I would,
And I'd go out and in;
Without a dozen folks to ask
"Why, Belle! where have you been?"
I wouldn't drink, or chew, or swear;
I wouldn't—yes I would;
I'd smoke cigars, provided I
Could always get them good.
I'd have a dozen pretty girls,
For "cousins,"—nothing more;
And then I'd have a dear brunette,
A darling, I'd adore.
A darling melting black-eyed love,
A teasing, hugging elf,
With yielding charms and round white arms;
A dear—just like myself.
I'd never slander women—No!
"I'd never kiss and tell";
And there's some fellows in this town,
Oh!—wouldn't I thrash 'em well!

Oh! Would that I'd been Born a Girl.

BY BEAD THORNE.

A rejoinder to Belle Thorne's "Oh! Would that I'd been born a Boy."
Oh! would that I'd been born a girl,
To live a life of bliss;
With cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,
And lips an earl might kiss!
I'd be the glory of my sex,
The worship of the men;
And many a churl I'd sorely vex,
Among the upper ten.
A mother's pride and father's joy,
Of course I'd also be;
And never should they wish a boy
They'd had instead of me.
I'd wear a bonnet on my head,
And not upon my back;
And with the man I would not wed
Who common sense did lack.
No pride I'd be, nor yet coquette,
But always my dear self;
For dress I'd never run in debt,
Nor fall in love for pelf.
I would not wear false hair—nor point,
Nor lace small waist to show;
Nor seem at church a perfect saint,
So as to win a beau.
No bits of rats—those headless elves,
Who strut so on the street;
And tho' mere boys, men deem themselves,
Should found me at my feet.
But most of all that thing they call
"A lady's man," I'd shun;
Whose oily tongue in talk that's small,
Eternally does run.
And that dear glorious girl, "Belle Thorne,"
Who would so happy be;
Had she a boy been only born,
Should never "cousin" me!

How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way
to your neighbor's excellent mansion,
which he has recently built and paid for,
and sigh out, "O, that I was a rich man!"
Get angry with your neighbor, and think
you have not got a friend in the world—
Shed a tear or two, take a walk in the
burial ground, continually saying to your-
self, "when shall I be buried here?"—
Sign a note for your friend, and never for-
get your kindness; and every hour in the
day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he
will pay that note." Think everybody
means to cheat you. Closely examine
every bill you take, and doubt its being
genuine, till you have put the owner to a
great deal of trouble. Believe every shil-
ling passed to you is but a sixpence cross-
ed, and express your doubts about your
getting rid of it, if you should take it—
Put confidence in nobody, and believe ev-
ery man you deal with to be a rogue—
Never accommodate, if you can possibly
help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted,
and never give a farthing to the poor—
Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down
the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the
hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over
your misfortune—your lack of talents, and
believe at no distant day you will come to
want. Let the workhouse be ever in your
mind, with all the horrors of distress and
poverty. Then you will be miserable to
your heart's content, (if we may speak,)
sick at heart and at variance with all the
world. Nothing will cheer nor encourage
you; nothing will throw a gleam of sun-
shine or a ray of warmth into your heart.
All will be as dark and cheerless as the
grave.

A Jerseyman gives the following advice
to gardeners: "To cure hens from scratch-
ing up your garden beds, cut their dainty
scratchers off, just below their heads."

THE



POST.

VOL. 4,

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1856.

NO. 40.

Select Tales.

The Wife for Me.

BY HUNT ALHRENESE.

Horace Hastings was a sober, sensible,
enterprising bachelor, of seven-and-twenty
years, who, having obtained an excel-
lent reputation by his industry and integ-
rity, and having made himself useful
to the mercantile firm in Boston, with
whom he had served an apprenticeship,
was at length invited to a copartnership in
the concern. For some time he had been
encouraged to anticipate this elevation, and
he soberly and energetically entered upon
the new duties of his position. When
business crowded, he had but little leisure
to mourn over, when hours each day hung
heavily upon his hands, he could not help
thinking how delightful it would be, had
he but a house and a gentle wife of his
own. His pecuniary circumstances now
warranted such luxuries; and he resolved
to marry when he could find a lady just
"suited to his mind."

Near a country village in Maine, not a
thousand miles from Bangor, lived an old
friend of his father; and being on a col-
lecting tour in that region during the au-
tumn months, he determined to accept of
an oft-repeated invitation to spend a few
days with the old gentleman, and sent a
note announcing his coming.

At the appointed time he reached the
residence of his old friend, and found that
the family were very well prepared and
pleased to welcome him as a guest. In
the parlor were two young ladies, well
dressed, and quite handsome. He was
duly introduced to Misses Jane and Char-
lotte, and found them accomplished and
sensible young ladies. Being just now
very susceptible to the tender passion, he
was easily pleased, and exerted his pow-
ers to render himself agreeable to the
flattered maidens. He succeeded, of
course. Sensible men of his age and
prospects, always do, when they try. And
as his eye wandered in conversation
from one handsome, intelligent face to an-
other, he caught himself several times
mentally inquiring, "Which would make
the better wife?" The mother and a neat
looking maid were seen at intervals passing
from the kitchen preparing supper. The
girl who set out the table and spread the
white stainless cloth, and arranged the
plates, seemed to do it gracefully and qui-
etly, as if she had made such duties a
study as a science, and won a passing
glance of admiration as a very neat and
pretty servant, a model of a "help." Al-
together, he thought it was a charming
family. When they sat at the cheerful
supper, and he tasted the light home-made
bread, and then the sweet, fresh butter;
and the thinly-sliced, home-cured beef;
the hot, well-flavored tea; the excellency
and good taste manifested in the whole or-
dering, he felicitated himself upon having
found so pleasant a home, even if it were
but for a few days. After supper was
over and the table cleared, a third young
lady, very neatly dressed, entered the
room, and was formally introduced to him
as one of the sisters, Miss Sarah. He
was not a little surprised to find that the
neat servant girl, whose hardwork had
won his admiration, was one of the sis-
ters. He found her sprightly, cheerful,
as accomplished, and he thought a little
more graceful, than Jane, who was older,
or Charlotte, who was younger than her-
self. He thought a little more meanly of
himself, for having taken her to be a hired
girl in the family, but not a whit more
meanly of her for having revealed herself
in that capacity. And his perplexity was
somewhat increased as he sat down on his
lone bed side in the chamber to which he
was shown by his host, and said to him-
self, "Which of the three?"

In the morning, after a night's sound
sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love
to keep him awake—he entered the break-
fast room, and was soon joined by the two
young ladies who had first welcomed him.
Sarah was not yet visible; but when Jane
poured the coffee, Sarah came smiling in
behind a clean white apron and with a
steaming pile of hot buckwheat cakes in
her hand, which, from the hue of her
cheeks, she had just been baking. If
there was a blush on her cheek, any eye
might have seen it was forced there by the
fire, and not by any thought of degrada-
tion on account of the office being dis-
gracefully filled. She greeted the guest
with a welcome smile, deposited her load
of edibles, and returned to the kitchen,
whence she tripped again in a few minutes
with more cakes, baked by her own skill.
Horace ate a large quantity of them, more
than enough merely to satisfy hunger, be-
cause of the beautiful little hands that
made them. And then he wandered over
the farm with the old man, and prated of
horses and cows and crops, as though he
knew something about them as well as
broodcloths and calicoes. At dinner-time
Jane and Charlotte were in the parlor
waiting for him, and Sarah, as usual, was
bustling about the kitchen. "I do wish,"
said he, sotto-voice, "that one of those
girls would take Sarah's place in the
kitchen a little while that I might find out
some of her housekeeping qualities, and
that I might have a little chat with her."
But he waited for such a change in vain,
though he found an opportunity to con-

verse, and discovered all he wished to
know just then about her mental quali-
fications and acquirements, and at the end
of the fourth day, just before he got into
bed, he slapped the counterpane emphati-
cally and said to it—as there was nobody
in the room, I suppose he must have spoken
to the counterpane or the bed-post—
"she is the wife for me."

The next day was the limit of his visit;
and as he stood at his window after break-
fast, he saw Sarah with the bewitching
white apron, trip out into the orchard to
shake apples; for it was baking day, and
pies were to be made. Horace strolled
out after her, and shook the tree, and
helped her to pick up the apples, and car-
ried the basket as they returned slowly,
very slowly to the house. What it was
he whispered in her ear, she never told,
but she seemed not displeased, though
evidently surprised and a little frightened.

A year after, Horace was at the house
of his old friend again, and this time
Sarah was not so much in the kitchen—
There were great preparations for a wed-
ding going forward; and in a few days
Sarah became Mrs. Horace Hastings; and
now, in a splendid Boston mansion, she
fully justifies the wisdom of her husband's
choice, by being to him a most excellent
wife and a superlative house-keeper.

GOING A SHOPPING.

Did you ever go a shopping? I sup-
pose not. Gentlemen have no genius for
shopping. They are not equal to it. Na-
ture has left their faculties imperfect in
that particular. They can write books and
make speeches, and all that sort of
thing, but they are not up to shopping—
It takes the ladies for that. Men go to a
store and select what they want and buy
it. But that is not shopping—that re-
quires no genius!

Men pretend they don't like to go shop-
ping with the ladies. I wonder who ever
asked them? What lady would have such
an encumbrance on such occasions? Men
are well enough in their places. Young
gentlemen are convenient to take us to
concerts, see us home from church, and
bring us bouquets and music; and husbands
are useful, I suppose, to pay bills, &c., but
for shopping excursions they are quite out
of place.

Do not understand me to insinuate that
I have any distinguished ability that way.
Not at all—I only speak for my sex. In
fact, I acknowledge that I am regarded
by my lady acquaintances as a poor hand
at it. But my friend Sallie Z. is a model
shopper. I am taking lessons of her, and
hope to be perfected by the time I am
married. A few days since she invited me
with her.

"I wish to look at the new style silks,"
said she.

"Why, do you want a dress?" said I.
"Really," said Sallie, "if it was not im-
polite, I should say you were a verdant.—
I don't want a dress—but there's no reason
I shouldn't see the materials."

So Sallie and I sallied out. The first
store we entered, she asked whether the
merchant had received his spring goods.
He said he had, and inquired what she
would like to see. "Show me your new
style dress goods," said she, "such as
bargain robes and lawn robes, handsome
striped and plaid silks; brocades and
changeable silks are not much worn this
spring, but I will look at your solid
colors."

The merchant soon had his counter
spread with goods. She examined and
tossed the pieces about, making various ug-
ly creases in them to see whether they
would come out again by rubbing.

"What style is worn?" said Sallie.

"Well, we sell probably more plaids and
stripes than any other."

"Have you got any with the che-
rene stripe?"

"Oh yes, some very fine," and a variety
of pieces were produced.

"Well, I can't say, after all, that I like
the che-rene stripe; it looks like the old style
revived. I prefer the plaids; the green is
very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rub-
bing and creasing it. "Well, it don't
crease much," said she, "I wonder whether
it will cut?"

"No, it is boiled silk, and we find the
plaids and stripes usually wear well."

"Your silks are quite pretty, and you
may cut me off samples," continued Sal-
lie.

This the merchant was forced to do,
though with rather a bad grace, as most
of his goods were in patterns and he feared
spoiling the piece.

"Will you be kind enough to give me
samples of the solid colors?"

These were also furnished.

"This plaid, you say, is one dollar
and thirty-five cents. Is that the low-
est?"

"Yes—we can't take less."

"How many yards in the pattern?"

"Fourteen."

"I'd rather have eighteen; perhaps I
might conclude to have flounces. Well I
will take the samples and show my moth-
er, and then make up my mind. Have
you any Coats' cotton? Give me a spool
No 33."

This was handed her; she paid five cents
and we left. I looked at my watch.—
We had been there exactly an hour.

"What a cheat! I can buy these spools
for four cents," said Sallie when we were
fairly out, "and besides, we forgot their
shawls!"

So we went to another store.

"Have you any Stella shawls?"

"Yes, some beautiful ones just opened.
Would you see the broche borders or the
printed?"

"Both."

"Any particular colors?"

"No—I'll look at all of them," said
Sallie.

Different colors, qualities and patterns
were accordingly produced.

"What is the price of this green centre
broche border?" inquired Sallie.

"We can afford you that at nine dollars
same style sold for fifteen two months ago.
Some printed borders we can put at four
dollars and fifty cents."

"No; I prefer broche, but can't you
take less?"

I saw a trinket in the merchant's eye,
which made me think he knew she was
only shopping.

"Now," said he, "if you won't mention
it, I'll let you have it for six."

Sallie looked surprised. She knew that
style and article was selling at nine.

"Six dollars—is that your lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you, I'll say four."

A pause. "Then you think that four
dollars is your very lowest?"

"Ahem! We have a large lot, and I
want to dispose of them. I'll say two
dollars and fifty cents!"

Still longer pause. "Are you sure it is
a first-rate piece of goods?"

"I'll warrant it all silk and wool."

My friend was caught. Turning to
me she whispered:

"I do wish I had some money!" and
then, addressing the merchant, she said:
"I'll call again."

I never was so glad to get out of a
store before, for the clerks had gathered
around us, seeming to understand the
joke. But Sallie went home, got the
money, and insisted on my returning with
her to the store for the shawl. The tra-
der said he was sorry, very—but the
shawl had just been sold. And so was
Sallie, too, I thought. We went shop-
ping no more that evening.

REGULARLY SOLD OUT.—During the
month of January, 1850, while stopping
at the Sutter House, in Sacramento City,
California, I accidentally overheard a con-
versation between two gentlemen, one of
whom was from New York city, and had
been in the country nearly a year, and the
other had just arrived.

The new comer was lamenting his con-
dition, and his folly in leaving an abun-
dant home, and especially two beauti-
ful daughters, who were just budding into
womanhood—when he asked the New
Yorker if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children
in New York—and I never saw one of
them."

After this reply, the couple sat a few
moments in silence; then the interrogator
again commenced:

"Was you ever blind, sir?"

"No sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that
you had a wife and six children living in
New York, and had never seen one of
them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and longer pause. Then the
interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw
one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them
was born after I left!"

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed;
and after that the New Yorker was espe-
cially distinguished as the man who had "six
children and never saw one of them."

TAKING NOTES.—"Well, Cuff," said a
minister to his colored servant, "what are
you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was
his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the
master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take
notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuff thereupon produced his sheet of
paper; and his master found it scrawled
all over with all sorts of marks and lines,
as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink,
had marched over it. "Why, this is all
nonsense," said the minister, as he looked
at the notes.

"Well massa," Cuff replied, "I thought
so all the time you were preaching."

BALTIMORE, Sept. 9.—The Southern
mail has come to hand, bringing New Or-
leans papers of Wednesday last.

By an arrival at New Orleans, Galves-
ton dates to the 13th ult., have been re-
ceived. The prolonged drouth through-
out Texas by which crops have been ruined,
and in many portions of the State the cat-
tle are dying for want of water.

Lieutenant Gardiner, in command of
the Revenue Cutter, Roger B. Taney, has
been drowned in the harbor of Savannah
by the upsetting of a boat.

My Wife's New Piano.

The deed is accomplished. My wife
has got a piano, and now farewell to the
tranquil mind, farewell content and even-
ing papers, and the big cigars that make
ambition virtue.—O, farewell! And O,
ye mortal engines, whose rude throats the
immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit!
But stop—I can't bid them farewell, for
one of them's just come. It came on a
draw. Six men carried it into the parlor,
and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton,
shines like a mirror, and has carved Cup-
ids climbing up its legs. And such
lungs—whew! My wife has commenced
to practice upon it, and the first time she
touched the machine, I thought we were
in the midst of a thunder storm and the
lightning had struck the crockery chest.

The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line
for a particular friend on the fence, de-
molishing a six shilling pane of glass.—
The baby awoke; the little fellow tried his
best to beat the instrument, but he didn't
do it—he beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the
house. He says he is the last of Nopo-
leon's grand army. He wears a long
monstache, looks at me fiercely, smells of
garlic, and goes by the name of Count
Run-away-and-never-come-back-again-by-
and-by. He ran his fingers through his
hair, then cocked his eyes up to the ceiling
like a monkey hunting flies; then down
came one of his fingers, and I heard a
dreadful sound, similar to that produced
by a cock-roach upon the tenor string of a
fiddle. Down came another, and I was
reminded of the wind whistling through a
knot-hole in a hen-coop. He touched his
thumb, and I thought I was in a peach
orchard, listening to the braying of a jack-
ass. Now he runs his fingers along the
keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a
stick upon a picket fence. All of a sud-
den he stopped, and I thought that some-
thing had happened. Then came down
both fists, and O Lord! such a noise I ne-
ver heard before. I thought a hurricane
had struck the house, and the walls were
caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar
and a ton of coal falling on my head. I
thought the machine had burst, when the
infernal thing stopped, and I heard my
wife exclaim:

"Exquisite!"

"What the deuce is the matter?"

The answer was:

"Why, dear, that's the Sonnnmbula."

"Hang Sonnnmbula," thought I, and
the Count rolled up the sheet.

He calls it music, but for the life of me,
I can't make it look like anything else than
a rail fence with a lot of juvenile negroes
climbing over it. Before that instrument
of torture came into the house, I could
enjoy myself, but now every woman in the
neighborhood must be invited to hear the
new piano, and every time the blasted
thing shrieks out like a locomotive with the
bronchitis, I have to praise its tone; and
when invited guests are playing, I have to
say, "Exquisite!" "Delightful!" "Heaven-
ly!" and all such trash, while at the same
time I know no more about music than a
codfish.

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF THE MALE
SEX.—Woman may be said to enjoy al-
most the monopoly of personal beauty.—
A good-humored writer thus defines her
position in this respect as contrasted with
the opposite sex:

"If you ladies are much handsomer
than we, it is but just you should acknowl-
edge that we have helped you, by volun-
tarily making ourselves ugly. Your su-
periority in beauty is made up of two
things; first, the care which you take to
increase your charms; secondly, the zeal
which we have shown to heighten them
by the contrast of our finished ugliness
—the shadow which we supply to our
sunshine."

"Your long, wavy, pliant tresses are all
the more beautiful, for we cut our hair
short; your hands are all the whiter, smal-
ler, and more delicate, because we reserve
to ourselves those toils and exercises which
make the hands large and hard."

"We have devoted entirely to your use,
flowers, feathers, ribbons, jewelry, silks,
gold and silver embroidery. Still more to
increase the differences between the sexes,
which is your greatest charm, and to give
you the handsome share, we have divided
with you the hues of nature. To you we
have given the colors that are rich and
splendid, soft and harmonious, for our-
selves, we have retained those that are
dark and dead. We have monopolized the
hard stony road that enlarges the feet;
we have let you walk only on carpets."

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.—Died, on the
11th inst., at his shop, No. 20, Greenwich
street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected
by all who knew and dealt with him. As
a man, he was amiable; as a hatter, upright
and moderate. His virtues were beyond
all price, and his beaver hats were only
three dollars each. He has left a widow
to deplore his loss and a large stock to
be sold for the benefit of his family. He
was snatched to the other world in the
prime of life, just as he had concluded an
extensive purchase of felt, which he got
so cheap that the widow can supply hats
at a more reasonable rate than any house
in the city. His disconsolate will carry on
business with punctuality.

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - \$100 75
For each subsequent insertion, - - - 00 25
For half column 6 months, - - - 14 00
" " 12 months, - - - 18 00
For whole column 6 months, - - - 18 00
" " 12 months, - - - 25 00

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertise-
ments. When the number of times for con-
tinuing an advertisement is not specified, it will
be continued until ordered out, and charged ac-
cordingly.

Eccentricity and Liberality of Stephen Girard.

This wealthy merchant, who flourished
in Philadelphia, not many years ago, was
one of the best friends of the working
classes that ever lived. He admired in-
dustry as much as he despised sloth—and
there has never been known an instance
where he did not furnish employment or
money to an industrious man in distress.

Early one morning, while Mr. G. was
walking around the square, where the me-
chanics' houses now stand, John Smith,
who had worked on his buildings in the
humble capacity of hod carrier, and whom
Mr. G. had noted for his unusual activity,
applied to him for assistance, when some-
thing like the following dialogue took
place:

"Assistance! work, hal! You want to
work?"

"Yes, sir, it's a long time since I've had
anything to do."

"Very well; I shall give you some.—
You see dem stone yondare?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, you shall fetch and put him
in this place. You see?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you done, come to me at my
bank."

Smith diligently performed his task,
which he accomplished about one o'clock,
when he repaired to Mr. G., and informed
him that it was finished, at the same time
asking if he could not give him some more
work.

"Ah, hal! Out? You want more work?"

"Very well; you shall go place dem stone
where you got him. Understand? You
take him back."

OMENS.—The know nothing party some time ago erected a pole on the corner of Shelby and Main streets, upon which the American flag was hoisted to the breeze and bearing on it the names of Fillmore and Donelson." The winds of yesterday tore from the flag the names of the know nothing nominees and left the stars unscathed.

The Journal folks some years ago were great on omens. What have they to say to this?—*Low Dem.*

Five Dollars, consultation fee. Balance of fee payable only when patients report themselves convalescent.

B. The new postage law requires that letters be PREPAID. My correspondence being extensive, applications to ensure replies enclose postage.

C. Rose's Tre-tise on Consumption—price \$1.00. Address

JOHNSTON STEWART ROSE.
Office, 831 Broadway, New York.

Money letters must be registered by the Master; such letters, only, being at my risk.

3,000 POUNDS of clean Linnen
and Cotton RAGS wanted at
the Printing Office, for which the highest price
CASH will be paid. may 5,tf

And for sale by L. H. NOBLE. Lib.
By JOHN STARK & SON, S.

Sold in Lebanon by L. H. NOBLE, in
Springfield by J. S. STARK & SON.

Scissoring.

A JACK AT ALL TRADES.—A druggist in this city last week advertised for a clerk, and among other applications, was that of a tall, awkward-looking fellow, apparently twenty-five years of age, coarsely dressed, without stockings, and with a skin as rough as that of a rhinoceros. After staring awhile at the splendid bottles, and other things that attracted his notice, he broke out:

"Are you the druggist of this 'ere establishment?"

"I am the druggist, sir," replied the owner.

"Well, I thought so as soon as I came in, said the fellow; 'I know a thing or two, for all I look so. I've been readin' in the newspapers about how you are in want of a clerk, and thinks I as soon as I cast my eye on it, now that place will suit me to a hair. And so I've come right away up here to make a bargain."

"Have you been bred to the business?" inquired the druggist.

"I can't say as I have exactly," replied the lout, "but I've been bred to farmin', and I have a brother that can chop wood like a horse—which I 'spose will answer all the same."

"But," said the druggist, "I should like to get a man that understands something of the business."

"Why, for that matter, returned the fellow, 'I could soon learn—I'm a purty ingenious fellow about anything I undertake. Why, it's only last winter, I made a whole new pig-trough out of my own head.—'What do you think of that, sir?"

"I suppose you found the stuff already fitted for your hands. But I imagine it is easier for you to make a pig-trough than a druggist."

"Try me then, and see," said the persevering applicant. "You don't know till you try. Now, what'll you wager I can't tell what's in that round bottle there in the window?"

"I'm not in the habit of betting," said the druggist, "but I doubt very much whether you can tell."

"You won't bet, ha?" replied the fellow, "then I'll tell you without. That stuff that looks so blue in that bottle, is hydrositic-muriatic-problematic-genetic-acid. I learnt that of the doctor in our town. Don't you think, sir, I'm a purty ingenious scholar?"

"I must say you have given a very fair specimen," replied the owner of the shop, "but as it takes some years to learn the druggist's business, I think you had better engage in something which you can understand more readily."

"You think I had, ha?" said the fellow, with a mortified look. He then stood musing for a while drumming on the counter, when all of a sudden, seeming to have caught a new idea, he burst out, "By jingo! Mister, I b'lieve you're right, and now I think on't, I'll go this minute and see if I can't get a place in a livery stable."

When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she comes the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels, and prays to him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, she brings with her a donkey laden with two goat skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place; and having well saturated him, she departs.

"I owe you one," said a withered old Coelebs, to a lady the other night at a party.

"For what?" said she.

"Why, for calling me a young gentleman."

"If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for, believe me, though an old man, you may still be a young gentleman."

SIXES.—To hear a death watch, denotes there is a little insect near you. A ringing in your ears denotes that you have taken a little cold. To see strange sights or hear some sounds is a sign there is something to cause them, or that your whole nervous system is disordered. To have frightful dreams, is a sign you ate too much for supper. To see an apparition or to be bewitched, is an inconceivable evidence that you are lacking common sense.

ECHO ANSWERING QUESTIONS.—What cry is the greatest terror?—"fire!"

What must be done to conduct a newspaper write?—"write."

Speaking of the eastern war, one was asked, what will be the expense?—"pence."

What's the best course to steer as a magistrate?—"straight!"

What's necessary for a farmer to assist him?—"system!"

What's the poorest thing to settle the slavery confusion?—"fusion!"

What would give the blind man the greatest delight?—"light."

What's the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—"peace."

Who commits the greatest abominations?—"nations."

What are some women's chief exercise?—"sighs."

In his speech at the Massachusetts "Old-Line" Know-Nothing Whig Convention, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop remarked, on giving his adhesion to Fillmore:

"In my experience thus far, I have voted for a President of the United States once with only four States, and once with only my own State, and I am prepared if need be, to try how it feels to vote without any State at all."

He will have a chance to "try it" this time.

Mrs. PARTINGTON AGAIN.—"What do you think will become of you?" said Mrs. Partington to Ike, as they were going from church.

The question was relative to the young gentleman's conduct in the church, where he had tipped over the cricket; peeped over the gallery attracting the attention of a boy in the pew below by dropping a pencil tied with a string upon his head, and had drawn a hideous picture of a dog upon the snow white cover of the best hymn book.

"Where do you expect to go to?"

It was a question that the youngster had never before had put to him quite so closely, and he said he didn't know, but thought he'd like to go up in Mons. Godard's balloon.

"I'm afraid you'll go down, if you don't mend your ways, rather than go up. You have been acting very bad in meeting," continued she, "and I declare, I could hardly keep from boxing your ears right in the midst of the lethargy. You didn't pay no interest, and I lost all the thread of the sermon through your tricks."

"I didn't take your thread," said Ike, who thought she alluded to the string by which the pencil was lowered upon the boy, "that was a fishing line."

"Oh, Isaac," continued she, earnestly, "what do you want to do to act so like the probable son for? Why don't you try and be like Daxik and Deuteronomy that we read about, and act in a reprehensible manner?"

The appeal was touching, and Ike was silent, thinking of the slung that David killed Goliath with, and wondering if he couldn't make one.—Evening Gazette.

When are two potatoes alike? When they're pared.

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of L. H. NOBLE & Co. Their preparations are made among us and are known to be at least equal, if not superior to any others of similar kinds put up anywhere. The Chill and Fever Remedy has no superior, as can be satisfactorily shown by those who have been cured by it. The sale has been so great for the past few weeks, and the satisfaction it has given so general, that the proprietors will, in the course of a few coming weeks, send to different parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain, but by its combining in just proportions the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Periodic, Cathartic, and Diaphoretic; it needs no other medicine to accompany it; and besides it leaves the system free in a great measure, from the usual tendency to a return of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official preparation, made after the formula of the United States Dispensary, and contains only the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is recommended by our Physicians as superior to any other in the market. Its rapid sale among us, to those who know its qualities and the manner of its preparation would seem to be its best recommendation.

Of the Extract of Jamaica Ginger, there need be nothing said. It has been in use extensively for three years past and gives general satisfaction.

These preparations are not Patent Medicines. There is no secret about them. The public can see the formula by which they are prepared, and any respectable Physician can have the same by application to the proprietors in person or by letter.

These remedies can always be had, wholesale or retail, of the proprietors, at their Drug Store in Lebanon, Ky., and of Druggists generally.

The Scientific American.
TWELFTH YEAR!

One Thousand Dollar Cash Prizes!!
The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

The *Scientific American* is an illustrated periodical, devoted chiefly to the promulgation of information relating to the various Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Industrial Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all interests which the light of practical science is calculated to advance.

Reports of U. S. Patents granted are also published every week, including official copies of all the Patent claims, together with news and information upon thousands of other subjects.

\$1000—in cash prizes—will be paid on the 1st of January next, for the largest list of subscribers, as follows: \$200 for the 1st; \$175 for the 2nd; \$150 for the 3rd; \$125 for the 4th; \$100 for the 5th; \$75 for the 6th; \$50 for the 7th; 40 for the 8th; 30 for the 9th; \$25 for the 10th; \$20 for the 11th; and \$10 for the 12th. For all clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription price is only \$1 40. Names can be sent from any Post-office until January 1st, 1857. Here are fine chances to secure cash prizes.

The *Scientific American* is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

TERMS:—Single subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies, for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Specimen copies sent gratis.

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Messrs. Munn & Co. are extensively engaged in procuring patents for new inventions, and will advise inventors, without charge, in regard to the novelty of their improvements.

PROSPECTUS OF THE POST

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanatics of the North; we, the undersigned have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things hitherto held sacred by every one who breathed the free air of America; be they Catholic or Protestant; native-born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who, either is accidentally born within her limits, or swear eternally allegiance to her laws; protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceiving as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none," we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have had it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wished to show up folly in its true color, that we were "neutral," and consequently had no right to say aught in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination; yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think our imperative duty to publish a strictly

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper hereafter, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transcended the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please, and, bearing as we do, the burden of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In thus throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of Democracy, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, we only wish to explain hereafter, we have only acted in self-defense; but of that, more anon.

Hereafter, our pen, humble and feeble though it be, will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction.

TERMS.—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$2 00 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$2 50 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year, \$3 00 will, in all cases, be exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$1 50 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1856) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated Legends of the American Revolution published for fifty-three consecutive weeks in the *Saturday Courier*, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novelles, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bonnet, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novelle to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Little Liberte, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two copies, one year, \$3; four copies one year, \$5; nine copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies, one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$20. Address,

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Lebanon, May 5.

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This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

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1856.

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